

Distantly (Dis)connected

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Distantly (Dis)connected

by [AllAborde \(Bordementions\)](#)

Summary

The reader is having some issues with Mostima's emotional availability, so Mostima helps them calm down

Notes

Can someone put a fucking bullet in my skull please

Old draft

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1

The warehouse was as noisy and cluttered as always, the sound of rattling wheels from handcarts and the constant shuffle of crates being moved across the concrete floor echoing against the steel walls. The air carried the faint smell of oil and dust, with the occasional sharp tang of ink from the order slips piled on the counter beside you. It wasn't glamorous work by any means—Penguin Logistics wasn't known for comfort—but it was steady, predictable.

Grounding.

Each box you heaved from the pallet onto the lift felt identical to the last—a brown, featureless cube stamped with the cheerful, yet somehow mocking, insignia of your employer. The manifest in your hand was a blur of inventory codes and destinations you'd never see. Victoria, Leithanien, Columbia... they were just words, meaningless names on a shipping label. Your world was here, contained within these walls, under the ceaseless hum of ventilation fans.

Your life had settled into this rhythm of mindless repetition, a metronome of physical exhaustion that almost, almost, managed to drown out the gnawing anxiety that had taken up permanent residence in your gut. One hundred and fifty-two days. You'd counted them. One hundred and fifty-two days since you'd last seen her face, since you'd last heard her laugh, or felt the weight of her arm around your shoulders.

One hundred and fifty-two nights spent staring at the ceiling, picturing every horrible end imaginable: a botched delivery in the wilds of Sargon, a bandit ambush on a backroad in Kazdel, or worse, just... gone. Vanished into the ether like she was little more than a ghost to begin with. The silence had been the worst part. Not a single message. Not a one-line memo passed through the company comms. Nothing.

You grunted, shoving another crate into place. The muscles in your arms screamed in protest. Good. The pain was real, a welcome distraction from the hollow space she'd carved out inside you. You wiped a bead of sweat from your temple with the back of your wrist, your eyes scanning the next line on the manifest. That's when a chill, entirely separate from the warehouse's drafty air, prickled the skin on the back of your neck. A shadow had fallen over you, blocking the overhead light.

“Boo.”

The voice was a low, playful whisper, breathed directly against your ear. You shrieked, a raw, undignified sound that echoed in the cavernous space, dropping the manifest as you stumbled back, spinning around. Your heart hammered against your ribs, a frantic drum of pure terror that soured into white-hot rage the instant your eyes landed on her.

Mostima stood there, a lazy, infuriatingly beautiful smile playing on her lips. She looked exactly the same, not a single hair out of place in her messy blue bangs, her eyes flecked with amusement under the dim black halo that floated lazily above her head. She'd barely changed out of her travel gear, the oversized black coat still dusted with the grime of some far-flung road, her mismatched gloves level at her sides. She loomed over you, her height sucking all the air out of your immediate vicinity.

“Gotcha,” she chuckled, her voice smooth. “You should have seen your face.”

Five months. One hundred and fifty-two days of gut-wrenching terror, of imagining her broken and bleeding in a ditch, and she returns with a childish prank. The fury that rose in you was so potent it felt like you had just thrown up.

“You absolute bitch,” you hissed, your voice trembling. “Five months! Five months, Mostima, not a single goddamn word! Do you have any idea—?”

She held up a hand, her smile never wavering. It was the smile she used to deflect everything, a placid, unreadable mask that you'd come to despise more than anything in the world. “Now, now, is that any way to greet someone after that long?” She placed a hand over her heart in a gesture of pure theater, her expression shifting to one of comical, exaggerated hurt. “My heart is breaking. I race back across half of Terra, braving sandstorms and transports, all for you, and this is the welcome I get? Not even a ‘Hello, Mostima, I’m so glad you’re not dead’?”

Every word was a perfectly crafted little dart designed to make your genuine pain sound like a petty grievance. It was her specialty. Your hands clenched into fists at your sides, your knuckles white.

“Don’t you dare,” you seethed, taking a step forward, jabbing a finger at her chest. “Don’t you dare do that. You don’t get to turn this on me.

I thought you were dead! I spent every single night wondering if I was going to get a notice saying they found pieces of you in some nameless wasteland! And you show up playing games?!”

“Things got complicated,” she said, her tone so light and airy you wanted to scream. She waved a dismissive hand in your face. “The client insisted on total comms silence. Super paranoid type, you know how it is. Didn't want any signals traced back to the package. It was just business.”

It was a lie. You knew it was a lie, not by the content, but by the delivery. It was too easy. It was the same kind of lie she told you when she came back with a new scar splitting her eyebrow, claiming she'd ‘walked into a door.’ It was the lie of downplaying everything, of treating life-and-death stakes like a minor inconvenience, all to avoid a real, messy, human conversation.

“I hate you,” you whispered, the words tasted awful. “I really, truly hate you right now.”

Her smile finally faltered, just for a second, a flicker of something unreadable in those bright blue eyes before it was gone. “Oh, you don't mean that.” She took a step closer, her arms opening for an embrace. “Come on. Let me make it up to you. I brought you something from—”

“Don't touch me,” you snarled, and when her hands came to rest on your shoulders, you shoved her. Hard. It was a pathetic gesture, really. You were all bone-weary exhaustion and she was... well, she was Mostima. She barely budged, her boots staying firmly planted on the concrete floor. The force of your own push just made you stumble back a step. “Fuck off! Just fuck off, okay?!”

A genuine laugh escaped her lips this time, a low, musical sound that made your skin crawl with fury. “So fiery. I missed this.” Before you could react, she closed the distance in a single, fluid motion. Your hands came up to push against the firm wall of her chest, but it was useless. She was so much taller, so much stronger, wrapping her arms around you and lifting you against her with an ease that was humiliating. She buried her face in the crook of your neck, her horns brushing against your cheek.

“Get off me!” you yelled, your voice muffled against the thick fabric of her coat. You struggled, beating your fists against her back, but it was like hitting a statue.

“Nope,” she murmured into your skin, her breath warm. “Not until you admit you missed me.” Her long, blue tongue darted out, tracing a cold, wet stripe along your neck that made you shudder with a conflicting wave of revulsion and a deep, traitorous thrill.

“I hate you!” you insisted, though the fight was already draining out of you, replaced by the crushing weight of five months of loneliness.

“I missed you too,” she whispered, completely ignoring your words. Her arms tightened, holding you so close you could feel the steady, slow beat of her heart against your cheek. “I thought about you. Out in the desert, when the stars were so bright they looked like they’d burn holes in the sky. I wondered what you were doing right at that moment.”

For a single, wretched second, you let yourself sag against her. You allowed the familiar scent, the solid warmth of her body, the sheer relief that she was here and alive to wash over you. The tension in your shoulders eased, and your fists unclenched, your hands flattening against her back. It was a moment of weakness, a desperate craving for the comfort you’d been denied for so long.

And then you remembered. You remembered the silence, the fear, the casual cruelty of her return. The anger, cold and sharp, flooded you again. You stiffened in her arms, shoving back with renewed strength. “Let go of me, Mostima.”

Nothing.

The renewed strength was born of pure indignation. You planted your feet, using what little leverage you had, and shoved against her collarbones with the heels of your hands. “I said, let. Go.” Each word was punctuated with a surge of effort, your voice a low growl that was barely recognizable as your own. “Do you have any idea what it’s like? To wake up every single morning and check the internal incident reports, praying your name isn’t on the casualty list? To hear about a large storm and not be able to eat for two days because that’s the last place your route was logged?”

Mostima’s arms remained locked around you, a cage of what could be seen as casual affection. She didn’t even seem to notice your struggling. She just hummed a soft, tuneless little melody against your hair, as if listening to a child’s tantrum. “But my name wasn’t on the list, was it?” she murmured, her voice a low vibration against your skull. “And I’m not in the wastes. I’m right here. See? Problem

solved.”

The sheer, staggering simplicity of her logic just made you want to shove your fist through her face. It wasn't just that she didn't understand; it felt like she was fundamentally incapable of understanding. The past five months of your life—the sleepless nights, the constant, low-grade terror, the hollow ache of her absence—were just irrelevant to her, a problem that had been neatly resolved by her reappearance. Like none of the pain you'd endured mattered at all.

“That's not the fucking point, Mostima!” you screamed, twisting in her grip. You felt a hot, stinging sensation behind your eyes. “The point is you left me in the dark! You let me think you could be dead, and you didn't care! You didn't care enough to send one goddamn signal, one pre-arranged code, anything!”

“I already said I couldn't use the comms,” she repeated, the lie sounding even flimsier and more insulting the second time. “It couldn't be helped.” She shifted her grip slightly, her thumb beginning to rub soothing, circular patterns on your back through the thin fabric of your work shirt. The gesture was so automatic, so completely disconnected from the venom in your voice, that it felt like a violation.

A terrible thought bloomed in your mind, ugly and sharp. Was this a game for her? Did she enjoy this? Pushing you to the absolute brink, letting you shatter into a million pieces with worry, only to swoop back in with that serene smile and act as if nothing had happened? The thought of her, somewhere out in the world, knowing you were in agony and finding it... amusing... it made you feel sick.

“Just stop it,” you pleaded, your voice breaking. The fight was seeping out of you again, replaced by a raw, desperate exhaustion. “Just for one second, stop being... this. Stop smiling. Stop acting like this is all just a funny little joke. Can't you see how much you hurt me?”

This, you thought, had to be it. This was the rawest you could be. You were laying your heart out on the cold concrete floor of the warehouse, begging her to see it, to acknowledge it.

Her response was to press a soft, cool kiss to your temple. “Shhh,” she whispered, her voice was awful to hear. “You're getting yourself all worked up over nothing. I'm fine. You're fine. We're fine.” She punctuated the statement by tightening her embrace, pulling you so flush against her that you could barely breathe. It wasn't a hug of

reunion anymore; it was an act of suppression, a physical attempt to smother the feelings she refused to deal with.

That was the final straw. Letting your hatred get the better of you for once, you stomped down hard on the toe of her boot and used her momentary, almost imperceptible flinch to wrench yourself free. You stumbled back, gasping for air as if you'd just broken the surface of deep water. The cavernous warehouse suddenly felt vast and empty around you.

Your face was hot, flushed with anger and exertion, and the tears you'd been fighting were finally welling up, blurring the sight of her into a tall, blue-and-black smear. "Go away," you choked out, turning your back on her, unable to look at that placid, smiling face for a second longer. You fumbled on the floor for the manifest you'd dropped, your hands shaking. "Just... go away. I have to finish my shift."

You expected her to say something, to offer another infuriatingly calm platitude. To at least leave you alone so you could do your fucking job. She did neither. You could feel her presence behind you, a silent, looming shadow. When you straightened up, manifest clutched in your fist like a weapon, and turned toward the next pallet, she was right there. She didn't speak. She just fell into step beside you, her hands now shoved deep into her pockets, that faint, unreadable smile still fixed on her face. She watched you as you picked up the next box, her eyes tracking your every movement.

Her silence was louder than any argument. Her proximity was a torment. She was acting like she cared, like she was staying to keep you company, but her entire demeanor screamed of detachment. It was the most schizophrenic display you had ever witnessed—the physical act of presence completely nullified by the absolute emotional void behind it.

You were a raging inferno of hurt and fury; she was a block of placid, smiling ice. You were screaming for emotional connection; she was offering the empty gesture of physical proximity. As you slammed the box onto the lift with more force than necessary, you looked at her, truly looked at her. At the calm, cheerful mask that never seemed to slip. At the eyes that held galaxies of experience but not a single flicker of the vulnerability you were begging to see.

And the anger was suddenly joined by a new, chilling feeling. A cold, dreadful pity. Maybe she wasn't cruel. Maybe she wasn't toying with

you. Maybe, you thought, she was just... broken. Like a beautiful, priceless vase that had been shattered and glued back together wrong, with all the important pieces that made it hold water missing. And that thought was somehow infinitely more annoying than believing she was just an asshole.

The scrape of your boots on the gritty concrete was the only sound for a long, tense minute, a counter-rhythm to the low hum of the warehouse. But her footsteps were a perfect, silent echo of your own. Every time you stopped to scan a label, she stopped too. Every time you heaved a box, you could feel her eyes on you, watching. That serene, patient smile was a weapon, and she was pressing its tip directly against your sanity. You tried to ignore her, to lose yourself in the familiar, mind-numbing labor, but it was impossible. She was a tear in the fabric of your reality, an anomaly that your brain couldn't process or ignore.

Finally, you slammed a crate down with a loud bang that echoed through the empty aisles. You whirled on her, your entire body trembling with a fresh wave of fury. "What the fuck do you want from me?!" you shouted, your voice raw. "Why are you just following me?! Are you waiting for something? Do you want me to just get over it? To pretend the last five months of hell didn't happen because you've graced me with your presence again?"

She tilted her head, her blue hair shifting. The dim black halo above her seemed to mock you. "I'm just keeping you company," she said, her tone as gentle and placid as a still lake. "You're upset. I get it."

"No, you don't get it!" you screamed, taking a step towards her, your hands balling into fists again. "You don't get anything! You live in your own little world where nothing touches you, nothing matters! You lie about everything, Mostima! You lie about where you're going, you lie about what happened, you lie about every cut and bruise you come back with! How am I supposed to be with someone who isn't even really here?!"

You were advancing on her now, and with every accusation, you punctuated the words with a weak, frantic punch against her chest. The blows landed with a dull thud against the front of her coat. "I hate... that you never... tell me anything!" Thud. Thud. "I hate... that stupid, empty... smile!" Thud. "I hate that you make me worry myself sick and you don't even fucking care!" Your assault was pathetic, your arms feeling like lead, but she just stood there and took it, utterly unphased. She didn't even blink, her expression unchanging. She

wasn't a statue; she was a void, absorbing your rage and offering back nothing in its place.

The sheer futility of it all made something in you snap. With a guttural hiss of pure frustration, you drew your arm back and swung as hard as you could, aiming not for her chest, but for her face—for that stupid fucking smile.

It was like moving through water. Before your fist could get anywhere close, her hand shot up, her gloved fingers wrapping around your wrist in a grip of loose strength. Your momentum was stopped dead. She held you there, your arm trembling with spent adrenaline, and slowly, she lowered it. She looked down at you, all of her pressing in, and the smile was still there. It didn't even look strained. It was the same calm, knowing expression.

"You're right," she said softly, her voice a low murmur that cut through your ragged breathing.

You stared at her, stunned into silence for a moment by the casual agreement. "What?"

"Everything you said. You're right," she repeated, her thumb stroking over the frantic pulse in your wrist. "I lie. I'm secretive. I don't tell you things. You have every reason to be angry with me."

Her words were exactly what you wanted to hear, but the way she said them—with the emotional investment of someone reading a grocery list—was the cruelest blow yet. She wasn't admitting fault; she was just acknowledging facts to placate you, to end the conversation. She was dismissing your pain by agreeing with it so easily.

That broke you. The anger dissolved, leaving a raw, gaping hole of pure despair. A sob ripped from your throat, violent and ugly. "Then why?" you cried, the tears finally breaking free, streaming down your hot cheeks. "Why are you like this? Why do you do this to me? I hate you. God, I hate you so much for making me love you." You tried to pull your wrist free, but her grip wasn't moving an inch. "I hate your stupid coat and your stupid horns and everything! I hate waiting for you! I hate you!"

You were a complete mess, sobbing uncontrollably, words devolving into choked curses as you sagged in her grip. And as you fell apart, she began to move. Slowly, deliberately, she took a step forward, forcing you to stumble back. Another step, and the back of your knees hit the hard edge of a wooden crate. You collapsed back against it,

trapped.

She loomed over you, finally letting go of your wrist only to plant both her hands on the crate on either side of your head, caging you in completely. Her face was close now, so close you could see the faint, almost invisible lines around her eyes, the dark, rich color of her horns.

“I know,” she whispered, and this time, her voice was different. It was lower, huskier, the placid calm replaced by something more focused. Her eyes roamed over your face, then down your body, a slow, predatory appraisal that made your breath catch in your throat. Her hand—the one with the white glove—came up, her fingers gently tracing the tear track on your cheek before moving down to cup your jaw.

“You’re so beautiful when you’re falling apart for me,” she murmured.

Before you could process the words, she leaned in. You flinched, expecting a kiss, but her head dipped lower. You felt the sharp, piercing pressure of her teeth—her canines, long and sharp—gently but firmly biting into the soft, sensitive skin of your neck, right over your pulse. A shocked gasp escaped you, a sound that was half pain, half whimpering anticipation. She held the bite for a heart-stopping second before her tongue swept over the spot in a slow, drawn out lick.

Every coherent thought in your head evaporated. The warehouse, the boxes, the five months of agony—it all vanished, replaced by the white-hot explosion of sensation radiating from your neck. Your back arched against the crate, a traitorous shiver wracking your entire body.

“Stop it,” you breathed, the words weak and unconvincing. You brought your hands up to push against her shoulders, but there was no force behind them. Your fingers just trembled against the firm muscle beneath her coat.

She ignored you, her lips pressing against the spot she’d just bitten. Her other hand started to wander, sliding from the crate down your side, her touch both light as it traced the curve of your waist. “You hate me so much,” she whispered against your skin, her voice a deep purr. “Tell me more.”

Her hand slipped lower, cupping you through the rough fabric of your work pants, her thumb pressing down with a certain confidence. You

gasped, your head falling back against the wood. “Mostima, d-don’t...”

The words were meant to be a protest, a continuation of your anger, but your own body was betraying you at every turn. You had to bite down hard on your own lip to stop the moan that was desperately trying to claw its way out of your throat.

The logical part of your brain, the part that had been screaming in righteous fury only moments before, was being systematically dismantled. Every protest that formed in your mind died on your lips as a fresh wave of sensation crashed over you. Her thumb was a relentless pressure point, a small circle of heat that was sending jolts of illicit electricity straight up your spine. You tried to shove her away again, your hands flat against her collarbones, but it was like trying to move a mountain.

“I’m not... kidding, Mostima,” you gasped, your voice strained. “You can’t just... do this... and expect everything to be okay. Let go...”

“I’m not expecting anything,” she murmured, her lips trailing from your neck up to the sensitive shell of your ear. Her voice was a low thrum that vibrated straight through you. “I’m just reminding you of something.” Her free hand, the one in the black glove, slid from the crate and began a slow, deliberate journey up your torso, tracing the line of your ribs through your shirt. “I’m reminding you that I still love you.”

“I don’t care,” you bit back, the words lacking any real conviction. “Not after you just... disappeared. You don’t get to just touch me.”

Her only response was a sharp, predatory nip to your earlobe that made you cry out. “Don’t I?” she whispered, and you could hear the smirk in her voice. The hand at your waist moved with agonizing slowness, inching its way under the hem of your worn-out work shirt. Her gloved fingers were cool against your heated skin, raising a sheen of goosebumps in their wake. “Tell me you hate this. Tell me you hate me again.”

“I do,” you insisted, squeezing your eyes shut as her hand continued its slow, torturous ascent. “I hate this. I hate you for thinking this fixes anything.”

This time, the bite she delivered to the side of your neck was harder. It wasn’t enough to break the skin, but it was a clear, definitive statement, a disregard for your statement that sent a shiver of pure, unadulterated lust through your veins. “That’s okay,” she said softly

against your skin. "I love you."

Her hand reached its destination, sliding with expert ease under the flimsy fabric of your bra. Her fingers brushed against the underside of your breast, and you arched into her touch instinctively, a helpless doll, loose in her grasp. Your breath hitched, your anger dissolving into a frantic, needy haze. She was so, so good at this. She knew every secret your body kept, every button to push, every wire to trip. She'd mapped you out like one of her delivery routes, and she navigated you with the same precision.

She began to fondle you, her thumb sweeping over your nipple, which was already hard. You were panting now, your head thrown back against the rough wood of the crate, your hips starting to press forward of their own accord, chasing the friction of her other hand. It was humiliating. It was infuriating. And it was the most intense thing you had felt in one hundred and fifty-two miserable days.

Mostima pulled back just enough to look you in the eyes, her own cyan irises full with a similar hunger. "Look at you," she said, her voice a low caress. "Falling apart so beautifully. All that anger, and you still melt for me the second I touch you." She leaned in, her lips hovering just a breath away from yours. "Kiss me."

"No," you breathed, turning your head away. "Fuck you."

She chuckled, a low, throaty sound. Her hand squeezed your breast, just hard enough to make you gasp, and her thumb and forefinger rolled your nipple with gentle pressure. "Please? Only one, I just want to taste you again." She brought her face to yours again, nudging your chin with her own until you were forced to look at her. "Come on. You know you want to."

Every cell in your body was screaming at you to give in. The emotional war was over; you weren't going to get anything else out of her. Your anger was still there, a bitter coal smoldering in your gut, but it was now hopelessly entangled with a desperate, aching need. Slowly, hesitantly, you closed the last inch between you, pressing your lips against hers.

It was like setting a match to gasoline. The moment your mouths touched, she devoured you. Her lips were soft but her tongue was there, a slick, confident invasion. It was nothing like a normal kiss. Her tongue, unnaturally long and agile, was an instrument of designed to fell your defenses. It swept into your mouth, prodding and mapping

every surface before tangling with your own, easily overpowering it. You could barely keep up, a helpless participant in her thorough exploration. She pushed deeper, swabbing the roof of your mouth, tasting you, swapping saliva until you couldn't tell where she ended and you began.

A low moan finally broke free from your throat, muffled against her mouth. She pushed even deeper, the tip of her tongue stroking teasingly against the back of your throat, making you gag and shudder. Your knees gave out. The world tilted, the warehouse lights spinning above you, and the only thing that kept you from collapsing onto the dusty concrete floor was her. She broke the kiss with a soft, wet sound, one arm snaking around your back, the other wrapping tightly around your torso, lifting you effortlessly against her body. You were left dangling in her embrace, legs weak and trembling, head spinning, completely and utterly undone.

You hung in her arms like a marionette with its strings cut, your entire body a live-wire of conflicting signals. The anger was still there, a bitter, acidic taste in the back of your throat, but it was drowned out by the thundering pulse of arousal she had so expertly ignited. Your face was buried in the crook of her neck, partly to hide the hot, shameful tears that still streamed from your eyes, and partly because you didn't have the strength to hold your own head up.

She shifted, adjusting her grip to support your weight more easily, and chuckled. The sound was a velvet vibration against your ear, and it made the fine hairs on your arms stand on end.

"I love you," she murmured, her voice laced with a smug, infuriating satisfaction. "You know that right?" She ran a hand through your hair, her fingers gently untangling the strands. "Do you still hate me?"

The question was an intentional, twisting knife. You wanted to scream yes, to rage and fight and prove that she hadn't won, but all that came out was a choked, pathetic whimper. You were red-faced, crying, embarrassed, and so achingly horny that a deep, shameful throb had started between your legs. She knew it, of course. She could probably feel the frantic tremor running through your limbs.

"Tell me," she pressed, her tone dropping to a whisper. "How much do you hate me right now? Is it a lot? I hope it's a lot."

Before you could even try to formulate a response, her hand slid from your back, trailing a line of fire down your spine, over the curve of

your ass, and around to your front. You tensed, a fresh wave of alarm cutting through the haze of lust. Her intentions were unmistakable. With a practiced slowness that was pure psychological torture, she undid the button of your pants.

“Mostima, no... wait...” you stammered, but your protest was weak, breathless.

She paid you no mind. Her hand slipped past the loosened waistband, her fingers pressing against the thin fabric of your underwear. Even through the two layers, her touch was electric. And then, with an unapologetic confidence, she pushed two fingers underneath the elastic, finding you. You were slick and hot, your body’s betrayal laid bare for her to witness. A raw, humiliated sob escaped you as she pressed her fingers against your cunt, feeling the wet heat of you, the pulse of your arousal.

She didn’t linger. She didn’t offer the relief you were now shamefully craving. After just a moment of exploration, a clinical assessment of the damage she’d wrought, she pulled her hand out. You stared at her, confused, your body screaming in protest.

She held up her two white-gloved fingers, glistening and slick with your juices, holding them right in front of your face. That same stupid, unreadable smile was plastered on her lips, her eyes sparkling with something that looked terrifyingly like detached curiosity. And then, she did the most debasing, humiliating thing you could have possibly imagined.

She stuck out her long, blue tongue and flicked it languidly between the tips of her fingers, cleaning them of your essence with a slow, deliberate lick. She hummed in appreciation, a soft, thoughtful sound, as if tasting a fine wine.

“Not bad,” she commented, her voice casual. “A little bit desperate, maybe. But I don’t mind that.”

The sight shattered the last remnants of your composure. A wave of pure, gut-wrenching disgust washed over you—disgust at her, but mostly, disgust at yourself. At your body’s pathetic, eager response. You felt used. You felt like an experiment. You felt utterly disgusting.

With you still reeling from the shock, she finally let you go. Your legs, still weak, barely held you, and you had to grab onto the crate to keep from crumpling to the floor. She took a step back, wiping her fingers on a handkerchief she produced from her pocket.

“Well,” she said, her tone bright and business-like, “this has been a lovely reunion.” She gave you a cheerful, one-fingered wave. “I have to go file my delivery report with the big man. He gets so fussy if the paperwork isn’t on his desk right away.” She turned, her large coat swirling around as she turned. “I’ll wait for you to finish your shift. We can catch up properly then.”

And with that, she began to walk away, her footsteps echoing in the vast, empty warehouse. She didn't look back. She didn't seem to have a care in the world.

You were left alone, leaning against a stack of forgotten cargo in the middle of the warehouse. The front of your pants was unbuttoned, your shirt was untucked, and your face was a sticky, tear-streaked mess. The lingering scent of her was still on your skin, the phantom feeling of her mouth and hands still burning on your body. You slid down the rough side of the crate until you were sitting on the filthy concrete floor, wrapped your arms around your knees, and cried.

End Notes

<https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz>

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